A new way-out Dr Who story begins — inside!

TV COMIC plus TOM & JERRY Weekly

7p

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

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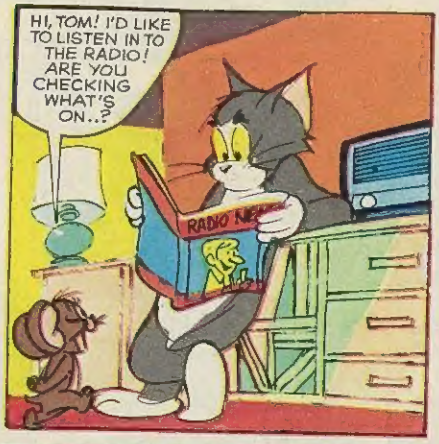
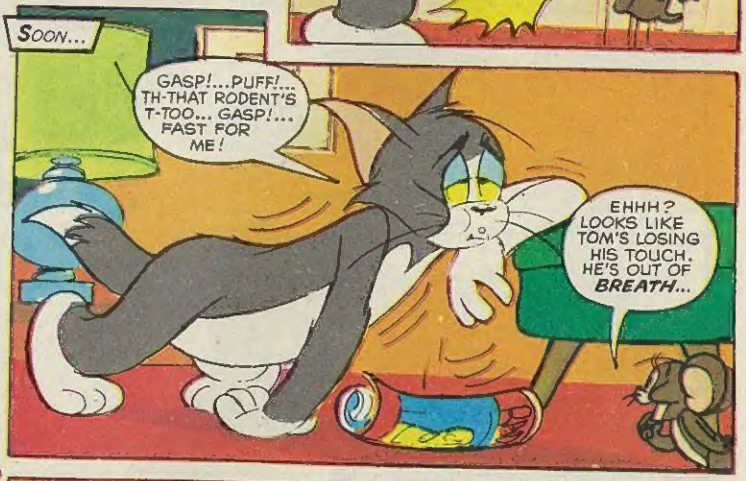
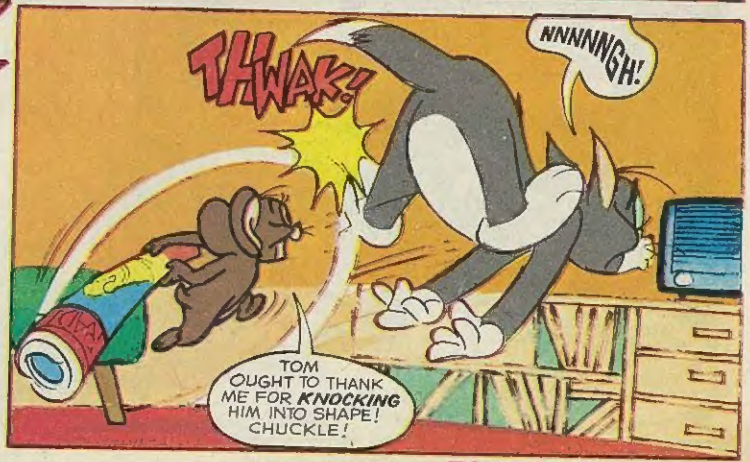
TOM and JERRY







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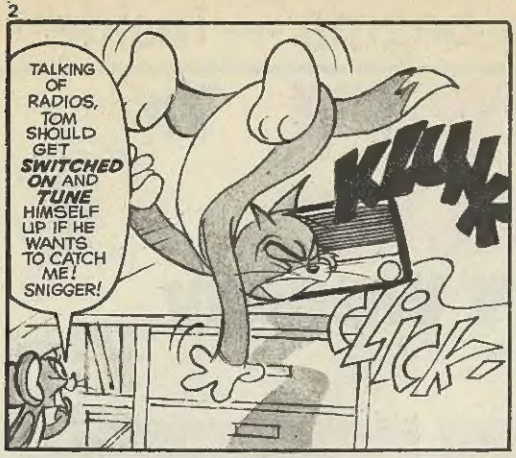
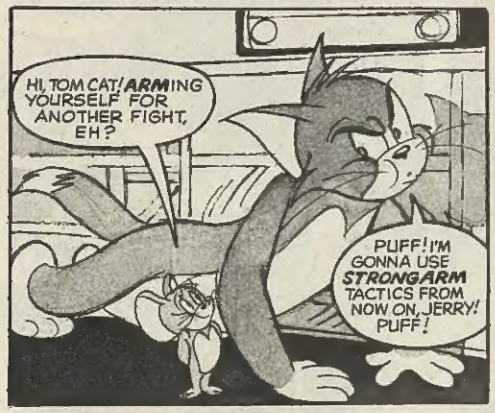
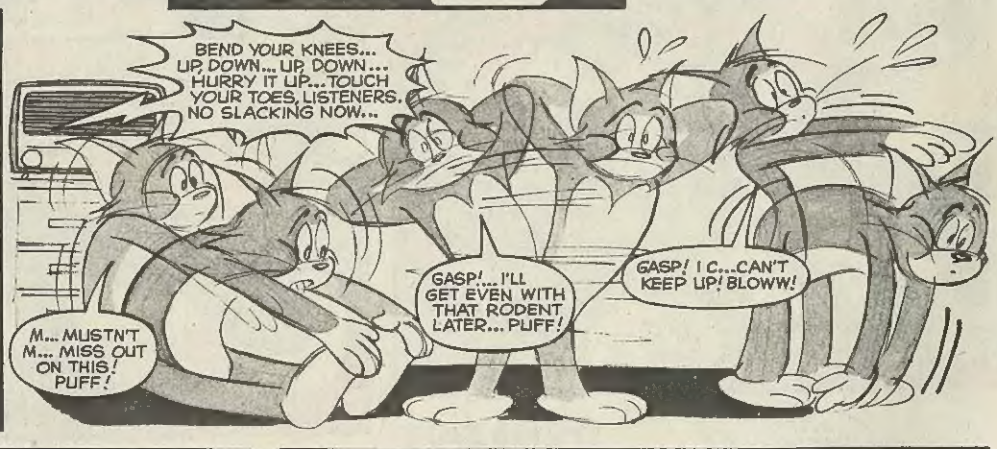
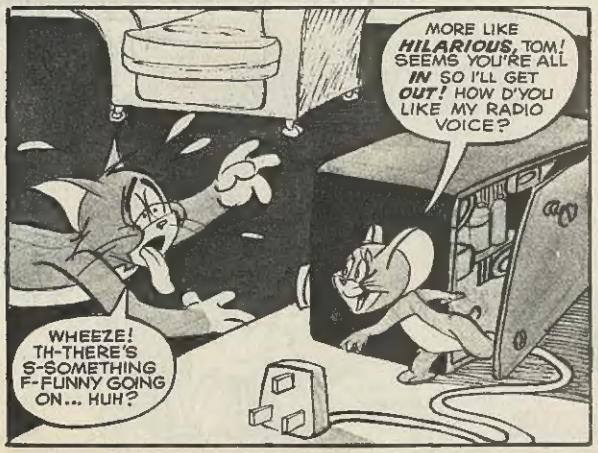


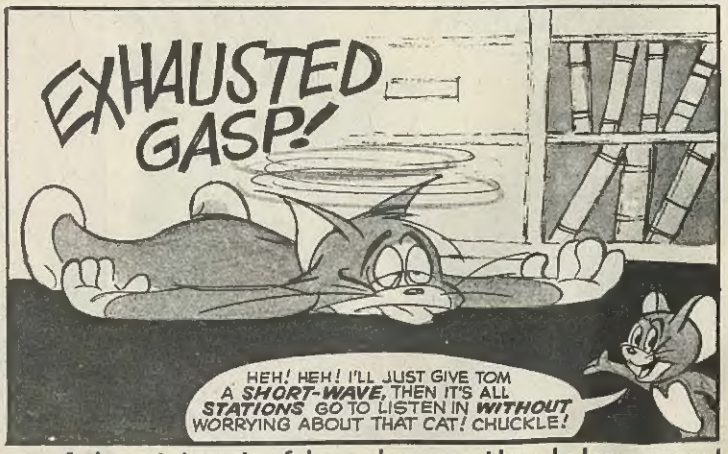
TOM INTENDS TO DO JUST THAT...
WELCOME TO PART TWO OF 'KEEP FIT AT HOME,' WITH YOUR INSTRUCTOR IVOR TOUGHNECK...
EHH? THAT SOUNDS LIKE JUST THE WAY TO GET MY MOUSE-MASHING MUSCLES TONED UP!

SO...
THAT'S RIGHT, LISTENERS. TWENTY PRESS-UPS TO START...
PUFF... I FEEL FITTER ALREADY! PANT!
TRUST TOM TO RADIO FOR HELP! IT'S A PRESSING MATTER THAT I DEAL WITH HIM FOR GOOD!




BEND YOUR KNEES... UP, DOWN... UP, DOWN... HURRY IT UP... TOUCH YOUR TOES, LISTENERS. NO SLACKING NOW...
M... MUSTN'T M... MISS OUT ON THIS! PUFF!
GASP!... I'LL GET EVEN WITH THAT RODENT LATER... PUFF!
GASP! I C...CAN'T KEEP UP! BLOWW!


MORE LIKE HILARIOUS, TOM! SEEMS YOU'RE ALL IN SO I'LL GET OUT! HOW D'YOU LIKE MY RADIO VOICE?
WHEEZE! TH-THERE'S S-SOMETHING F-FUNNY GOING ON... HUH?


EXHAUSTED GASP!
HEH! HEH! I'LL JUST GIVE TOM A SHORT-WAVE, THEN IT'S ALL STATIONS GO TO LISTEN IN WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT THAT CAT! CHUCKLE!

A boat-load of laughs on the lake soon!

TV Terrors

YIKES! THERE'S A CROWD OF ACTORS AND ACTRESSES OUTSIDE THE STUDIO, MONICA!
AND WE'RE GOING TO LAND IN THE *MIDDLE* OF THEM, BUTTONS!

HELP! HELP!
FOOL!
DOLT!
GREAT OAF!
HO-HO! WE DIDN'T TELL HOPPIT WE WERE *BETTER!* BUT *HE'LL CATCH* IT, ALL RIGHT, IF HE DOESN'T RUN FAST ENOUGH!

Bike bother for Hoppit soon!

CANNON

AFTER pop star Danny Francis disappears no one, save his sister Julie, seems to believe that it's anything other than another publicity stunt. When Cannon saves Sammy Silver from certain death in a blazing car, it later looks as if he's been set up to act as Danny's double. But Cannon is unhappy with the case and takes dangerous steps to find out the real truth by making contact with the local boss of the crime syndicate . . .

JUST LOOK AT THAT SPREAD! WHO SAYS CRIME DOESN'T PAY?

STOW IT, CANNON, OR YOU MIGHT GET SILENCED FOR GOOD!

SHORTLY...

OKAY, CANNON. WHAT'S YOUR BEEF?

IT'S ABOUT DANNY FRANCIS. JUST TELL ME IF HE'S YOUR PROPERTY OR HENDRICKS'?

WHAT'S THAT TO YOU?

SIMPLY THIS. WHY WOULD HENDRICKS SET UP ANOTHER KID IN A BURNING CAR TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE DANNY?

OKAY. SUPPOSING I TELL YOU I OWN FRANCIS, WHAT DOES THAT GIVE YOU?

EVERYTHING. I THINK FRANCIS WALKED OUT ON HENDRICKS. SO RATHER THAN FACE YOU, HE COOKS UP A FAKE MURDER. THEN HE CLEARS OFF TO MEXICO.'

THAT'S TAKEN CARE OF BY HIS PARTNER. YOU GET HENDRICKS BACK FROM MEXICO, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE PARTNER.

WHAT DOES HE DO FOR MONEY?

SOME WEEKS LATER, AT THE STRONGHOLD BANK...

THIS WAY, MISS. MR WATSON IS WAITING FOR YOU.

AND..

MR CANNON!

THAT'S RIGHT, JULIE. YOU PLAYED A GOOD PERFORMANCE, BUT IT WASN'T QUITE GOOD ENOUGH. YOU AND HENDRICKS MADE A GREAT TEAM.

YOU HIRE ME TO WITNESS DANNY'S SUPPOSED MURDER. WHEN THAT FAILED, YOU HAD TO WAIVE THE INSURANCE AND TAKE WHAT YOU'VE BEEN CHEATING FROM THE SYNDICATE.'

BY THE WAY, FRANK, WHERE IS DANNY FRANCIS?

ALIVE AND HAPPY IN SOME COMMUNE DOWN IN NEW MEXICO. IF SOMEONE TOLD HIM DANNY FRANCIS WAS DEAD, HE WOULD BE THE FIRST TO AGREE!

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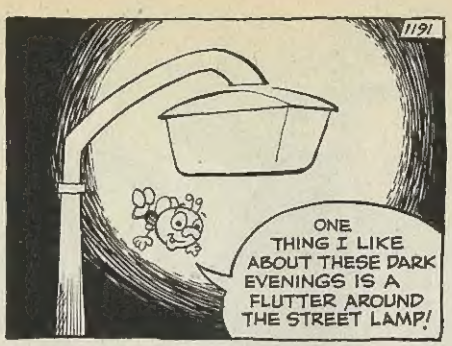
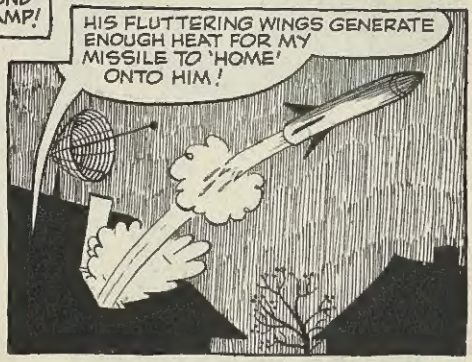
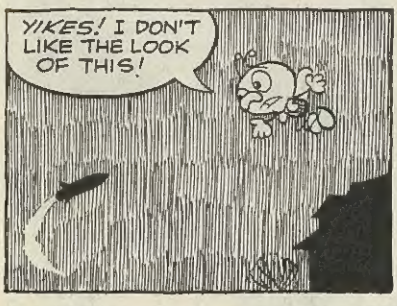
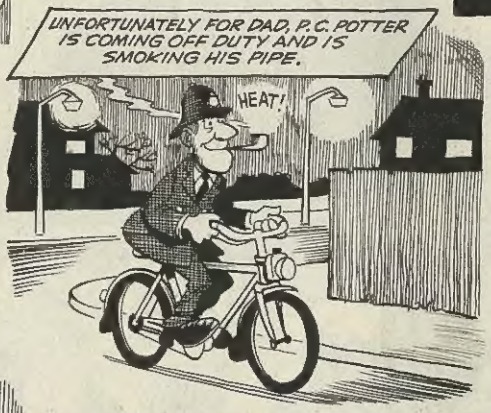
A new crime for Cannon next week!

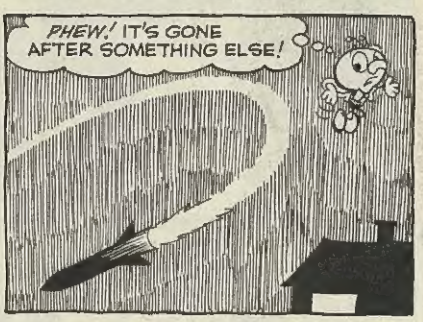
MIGHTY MOTH



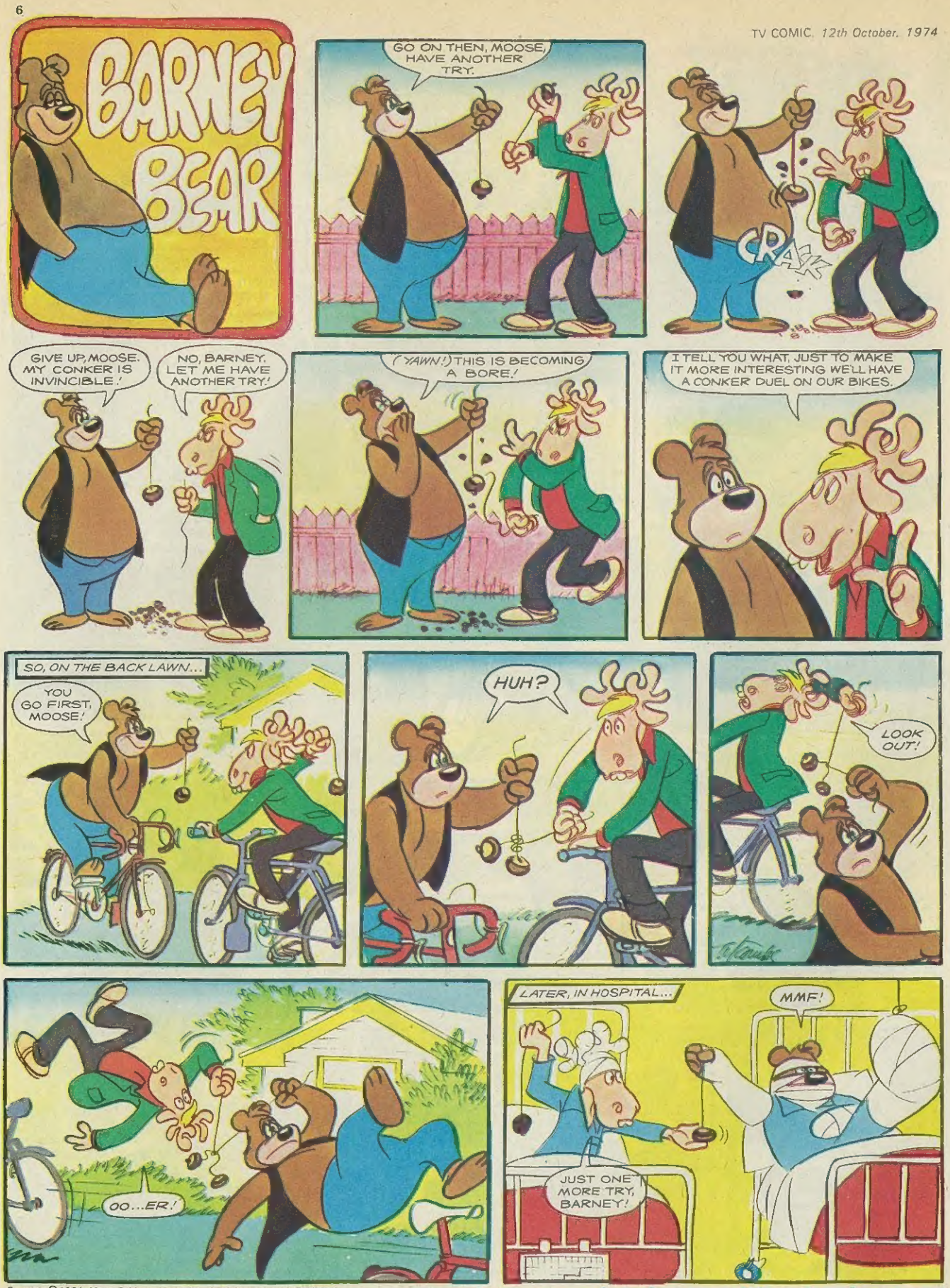








More aerial antics with Mighty soon!


BARNEY BEAR
GO ON THEN, MOOSE, HAVE ANOTHER TRY.
CRAAK
GIVE UP, MOOSE. MY CONKER IS INVINCIBLE!
NO, BARNEY. LET ME HAVE ANOTHER TRY!
(YAWN!) THIS IS BECOMING A BORE!
I TELL YOU WHAT, JUST TO MAKE IT MORE INTERESTING WE'LL HAVE A CONKER DUEL ON OUR BIKES.
SO, ON THE BACK LAWN...
YOU GO FIRST, MOOSE!
HUH?
LOOK OUT!
OO...ER!
LATER, IN HOSPITAL...
MMF!
JUST ONE MORE TRY, BARNEY!

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A song and a dance with a banjo soon!

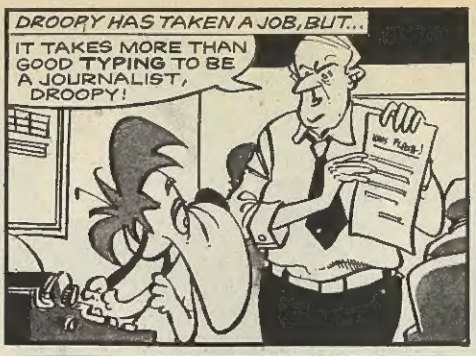
JOHNNY MORRIS'S ANIMAL MAGIC

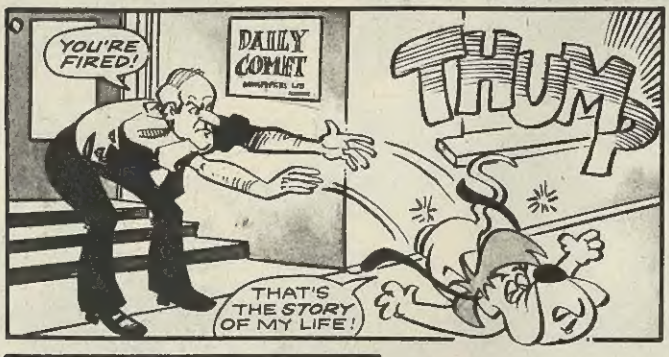
I'VE NEARLY FINISHED MY NEST!
SO HAVE I. NICE OF HIM TO BRING THIS WOOL FOR US!
IF YOU'VE NEARLY FINISHED NEST-BUILDING, I TAKE OFF MY HAT TO YOU!

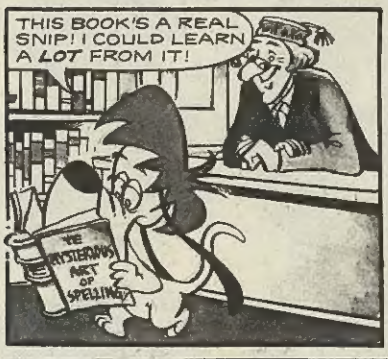
WE NEED THIS FOR THE FINISHING TOUCH!
QUITE A HAIR-RAISING EXPERIENCE FOR HIM!
OW! LOOKS AS THOUGH I'M PARTING WITH MY PARTING!

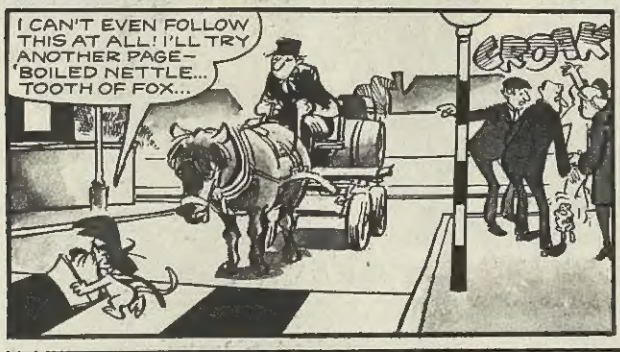
Meet the Lesser Pandas next week!

DROOPY









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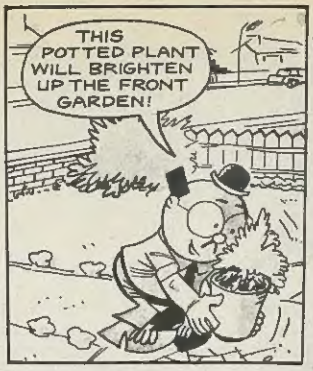
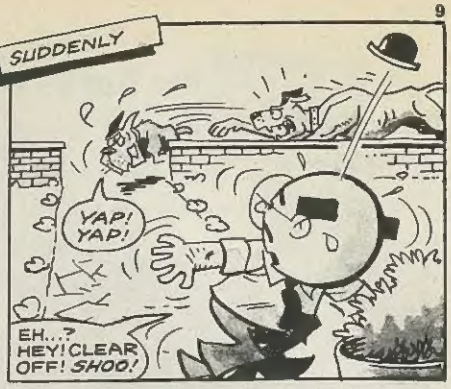
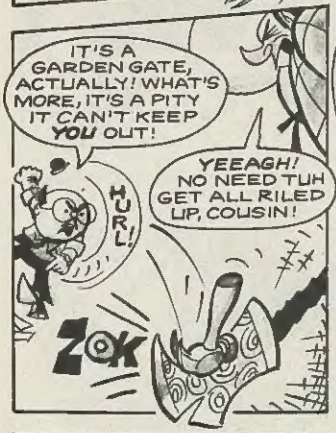
Car capers with our dumb dog soon!

Texas Ted

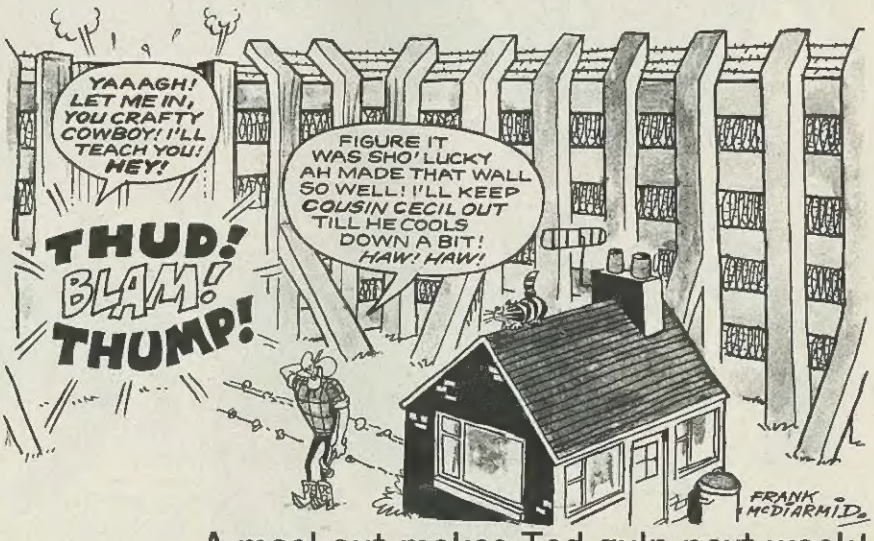




AND SO...
NO ONE WILL WANDER INTO MY FRONT GARDEN WHEN I'VE PUT UP THIS LOT... EH?
MIGHTY FINE LOOKING DOLLS HOUSE YUH'RE MAKING THAR, COUSIN! HAW! HAW!

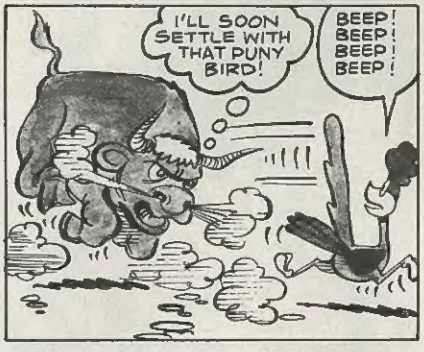


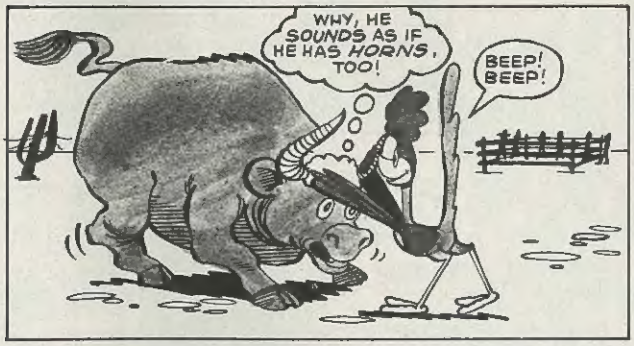
EDWARD GETS TO WORK...
JEST DUMP IT ALL DOWN, BOYS! WE TEXANS SAY NO JOB'S WORTH DOING UNLESS YUH DOES IT BIG!
COR, LUMME! 'E MUST BE BUILDING ANOTHER COLDITZ!

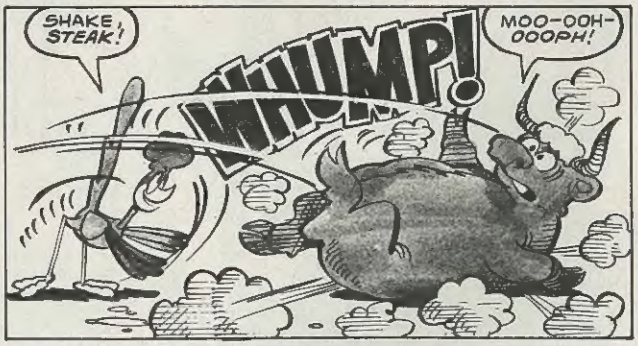

YAAAGH! LET ME IN, YOU CRAFTY COWBOY! I'LL TEACH YOU! HEY!
THUD! BLAM! THUMP!
FIGURE IT WAS SHO' LUCKY AH MADE THAT WALL SO WELL! I'LL KEEP COUSIN CECIL OUT TILL HE COOLS DOWN A BIT! HAW! HAW!
FRANK McDIARMID

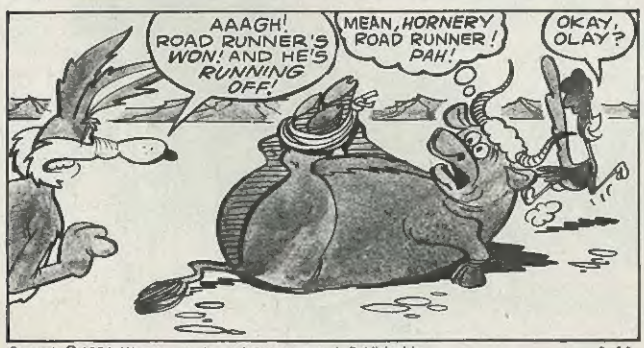
A meal out makes Ted gulp next week!

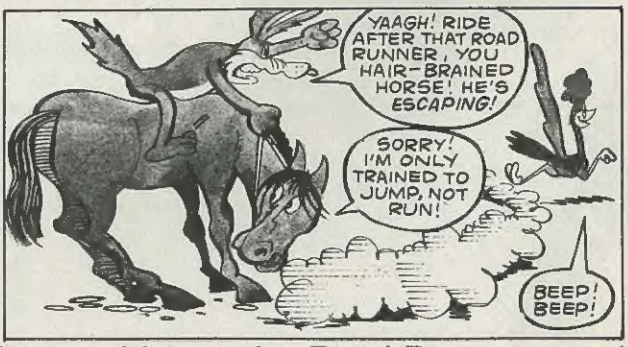
BEEP BEEP The Road Runner











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High-speed havoc for Road Runner soon!

Readers' Page

£1 for every item published on this page. Plus £2 for the special Star Letter of the week. Send your entry to: TV Comic, Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

Dear Editor

This is a picture of my dog. Her name is Binky. She is three years old. She is a Cairn Terrier. She is a very fussy dog, and she won't eat tinned dogs' meat. Instead she likes peas and raw potatoes. I like Mighty Moth and Basil Brush best in TV Comic.

Amanda Gardner, Valley Side, Chingford.

Binky dog would eat no meat,
Neither fresh nor from a tin
Which worried Mandy Gardiner,
Because she went so thin.
But then she took to taters,
Her mistress for to please.
She ate them raw, still in their skins
With lots of frozen peas!

Not quite accurate, but I had to make it rhyme somehow and that's what they mean by "poetic licence."

STAR LETTER

THE CASE OF THE UNMOVING RABBIT . . .

One day, when I was looking out of my bedroom window, I noticed something in the field, near our house. It was something dark, sticking out of the grass. "A rabbit!" I thought. I rushed downstairs and told my dad (who by the way loves animals). He came up to my bedroom and sat watching it for hours and hours. At about 3.25 pm he came downstairs. "I don't know what's the matter with that rabbit!" he said. "It hasn't moved all day, so I'm going to investigate". "I'm coming too," I said. So we went to the field, and there sitting in the grass all wet and soggy was my little brother's toy rabbit! I felt stupid. My dad looked at me and said "Some mothers do 'ave em!"

Andrea Gascoigne, Preston, Lancs.

From the gripping pages of Andrea Gascoigne's casebook!

Here is a picture of me on a donkey at Butlins holiday camp in Skegness I am staying in a chalet. I enjoy it there. I have been on a donkey twice but we have been at the fair most of the time My favourite stories in TV Comic are Basil Brush and Mighty Moth.

Lisa Pegg, New Parks Estate, Leicester.

You could say you got quite a "kick" out of those donkey rides.

I think TV Comic is great My name is Stephen Varrush and I am nine years old. My best stories in TV Comic are Tom and Jerry and Basil Brush. I read TV Comic before and after school. For the past two weeks I have been at home with chicken pox and I read it then.
P.S. It's the best comic you can buy!

Sutton Coldfield, Warks.

Well, thank you, Stephen. I'm only sorry we had to put up the price of your favourite comic. I hope you can still afford us.

Dear Editor

There was a young man called Davey,
Who hated the food in the navy,
He couldn't eat beef,
In case his false teeth,
fell out and sank in the gravy.

Martin Arnell, West Drayton, Middlesex.

I think your poem should be entitled "Davey's Dilemma". Thanks for the giggle, Martin.

Dear Editor

My name is Lucy Shanks. I go to Scarborough College Preparatory School My favourite hobbies are stamp collecting and athletics. At school, we do Amateur Athletic Association badges. I have gained a three star pentathlete. I am ten-years-old on the twenty-ninth of July. My favourite characters in TV Comic are Might Moth and Basil Brush. We have two cats and an old English Sheepdog puppy called Mopsy.

Lucy Shanks, Scalby, Scarborough, Yorkshire.

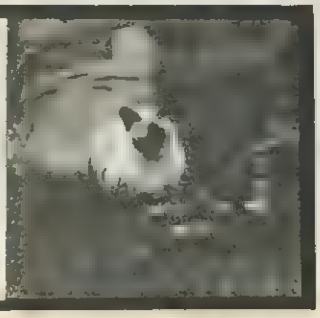
PENtathlete? That means you're good at writing letters, doesn't it? (I tell a lie, it means you're competing in five events. It names pistol shooting as one choice in my dictionary, Lucy. I suppose it's one way of starting a competition with a BANG!)

Dear Editor

I am writing to tell you about my Siamese cross cat. She has a very unusual habit. If we throw a piece of chain, she will run after it and often bring it back to us to throw again. Afterwards, she runs around until she has to stop because she gets dizzy. She has other habits such as running up walls and tearing the wallpaper with her claws.

Sharon Darey, Thurmaston, Nr Leicester.

Your puss's wallpaper stripping technique must come in very useful at decorating times. If the room doesn't need re-decorating, I've an idea your Mum will soon think it does



BASIL BRUSH

I MUST SAY YOU'VE KEPT THE LAWN NICE AN' TIDY DESPITE THE FALLIN' LEAVES, GUV.

OH, I DIDN'T DO IT, CHUMMERS. I EXPECT IT WAS THE LITTLE, FAT FAIRY WHO LIVES DOWN HERE.

1191.

DON'T BE DAFT, GUV! THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THING AS FAIRIES!

SHH! IF SHE HEARS YOU SAYING THAT SHE'LL BE CROSS AND WON'T KEEP THE LAWN TIDY!

YOU'RE 'AVIN' ME ON, YOU ARE! ANYWAY, I MUST BE OFF TO THE SHOPS!

PITY CHUMMERS DOESN'T BELIEVE IN THE FAIRY AT THE BOTTOM OF OUR GARDEN – BUT I'VE SEEN HER!

HEY! OLD BRASSTOP NEXT DOOR IS THROWING ALL HIS LEAVES OVER INTO OUR GARDEN!

DO YOU MIND NOT THROWING ALL THOSE DEAD LEAVES OVER HERE, BRASSTOP!

BELT UP, BRUSH!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

IT... IT'S THE FAIRY!

YES, I'M ALL RIGHT – BUT LOOK AT THE MESS BRASSTOP'S MADE OF THE LAWN YOU'VE KEPT SO TIDY!

DON'T WORRY – I'LL SOON CLEAR IT UP!

WILD WIND, DO JUST AS I SAY – COME AND TAKE THE LEAVES AWAY!

GOSH! IT'S A WHIR-WIND!

IT'S MOVING ACROSS OLD BRASSTOP'S GARDEN!

EH?

YA!

WILD WIND, CEASE THY RESTLESS WHIRL – LET THE LEAVES DROP TO THE SOIL!

KER-RUNCH!

SOON...

COR! WHAT 'APPENED TO OLD BRASSTOP, GUV?

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YOU, CHUMMERS!

A fishy story means a prize catch soon!

TARZAN

HOPING to regain his waning influence, Malog — witch doctor of the superstitious M'Bhutu — has convinced his chief he will bring the god of mercy, N'Gara-Gara, to save them from starvation. As Tarzan attempts to release animals from a trappers' camp, Malog creates a diversion to kidnap an arrogant youth who is in charge . . .

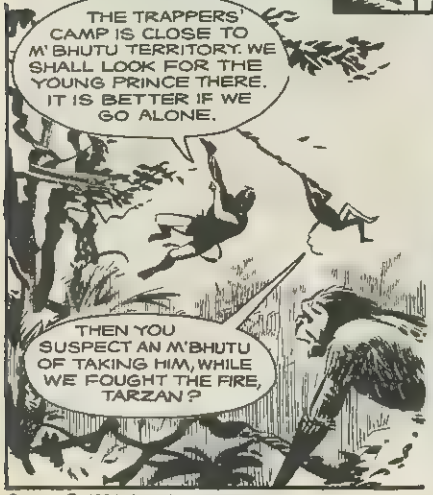
I CLAIMED N'GARA-GARA WOULD HAVE GOLDEN HAIR AND WHITE SKIN. THE SPIRITS HAVE BEEN KIND TO LEAD ME TO THIS YOUNG ONE. SOON, HE WILL BECOME OUR GOD OF MERCY!

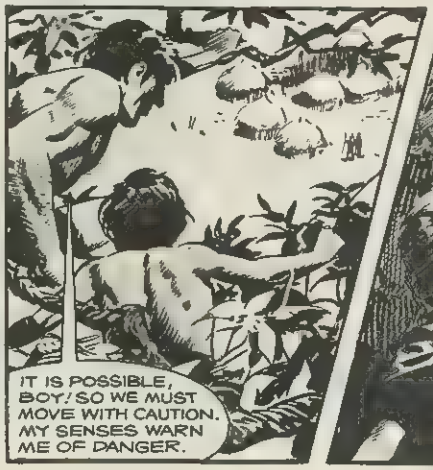
AT THAT MOMENT, NEARBY..
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND IT! WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED THE FIRE...?
WE WILL TALK LATER—FIRST WE MUST ACT TO STOP THE FLAMES SPREADING!

THE YOUNG ONE IS BOTH PROUD AND FOOLISH. PERHAPS HE HAS WANDERED OFF...?
WE MUST FIND HIM. IF NOT, I WILL FACE THE WRATH OF MY PEOPLE.

THE MAN, NAMED MULLER, MAKES A GRIM BUT AMAZING STATEMENT...
THE BOY IS THE SON OF OUR STATE RULER. CARLOS SCHMIDT IS THE CROWN PRINCE OF PEREZUELA!

FURTHER SEARCHING PRODUCES LITTLE, EXCEPT...
SEE HOW THIS BURNT GRASS HAS BEEN TWISTED AS IF TO MAKE A TORCH? PERHAPS THE FIRE WAS STARTED DELIBERATELY! WE WILL SAY NOTHING OF THIS TO THE OTHERS.


THE TRAPPERS' CAMP IS CLOSE TO M'BHUTU TERRITORY. WE SHALL LOOK FOR THE YOUNG PRINCE THERE. IT IS BETTER IF WE GO ALONE.
THEN YOU SUSPECT AN M'BHUTU OF TAKING HIM, WHILE WE FOUGHT THE FIRE, TARZAN?



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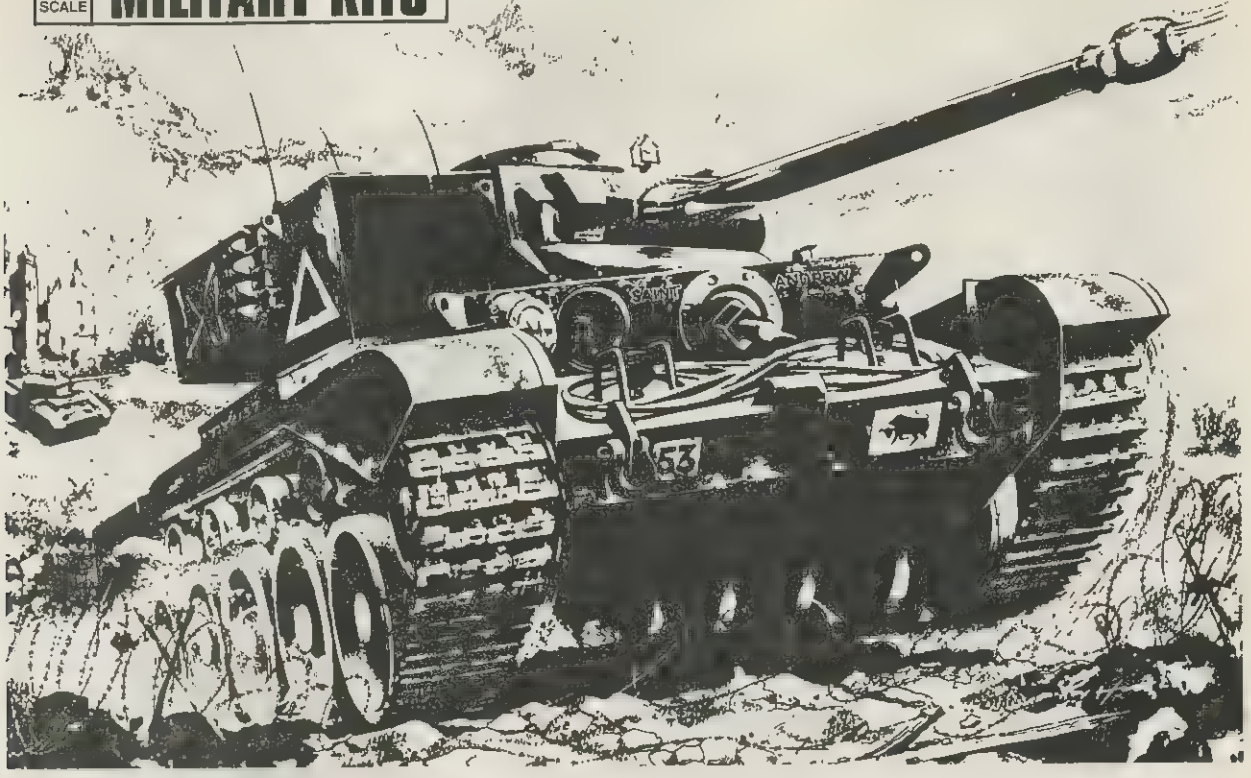
Carlos makes his move next week!

BANK NOTICE BOARD
DAD'S ARMY
COME ONE, COME ALL
©1974 Peter Thurlow · Beldart Ltd
DURING A LUNCH-HOUR STROLL...
YOU'VE ALREADY USED THREE OF THE FIVE MINUTES, SIR— AND IT WAS MY TUPPENCE THAT PAID FOR IT!
ALL RIGHT, WILSON! THERE'S SOMETHING FLOATING IN THE WATER OUT THERE...
GOOD GRACIOUS! IT'S A MINE!
HADN'T WE BETTER INFORM THE COASTAL AUTHORITIES, SIR?
PIER
NO TIME FOR THAT, WILSON. THIS CALLS FOR INSTANT HOME GUARD ACTION!
AND BEFORE LONG...
IT'S NOT FAIR! WHY CAN'T SOMEONE GIVE ME A HAND? I COULD STRAIN MYSELF!
STOP THAT, PIKE! THIS IS A TIME FOR ICE-COOL RESOLUTION!
PERSONALLY, I THINK IT'S TIME WE INFORMED THE COAST GUARD!
DO YOU WANT ME TO HAVE A CRACK AT IT, SIR?
CERTAINLY NOT! IT'S A JOB FOR A MARKSMAN WITH IRON NERVE!
COO! IT SEEMS TO BE STUCK IN THE MUD!
MINUTES LATER...
KRAK BAM
WELL, I THINK UNCLE ARTHUR COULD...
YOU DON'T SEEM TO HAVE DONE THE TRICK YET, SIR!
I SUPPOSE YOU THINK YOU CAN DO BETTER?
BUT MAINWARING'S ACTIVITIES HAVE NOT GONE UNNOTICED...
BLIMEY! THERE'S AN IDIOT ON THE END OF THE PIER LOOSING OFF AT THAT STRAY MINE!
WE'D BETTER STOP HIM QUICK!
WALMINGTON LIGHTHOUSE
SHORTLY...
OI! STOP THAT!
HUH? DON'T WORRY! I AM THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE WALMINGTON-ON-SEA HOME GUARD!
I AM TAKING ACTION TO PROTECT THE PIER!
KRAK
THAT MAY BE, CAPTAIN, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE SEA-FRONT...
THEN SUDDENLY...
BOOM
I DID SAY IT WOULD BE WISER TO INFORM THE COAST GUARD, IF YOU REMEMBER, SIR?
...WINDOWS!
YES, YOU DID, UNCLE ARTHUR. I REMEMBER YOU SAYING THAT!
HMMPH!
AND, BACK AT THE BANK..
AS THEY SAY, SIR, PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES SHOULDN'T THROW STONES!
BAH!

A field day on a farm for the army soon!

"MATCHBOX"®
1-76 SCALE MILITARY KITS

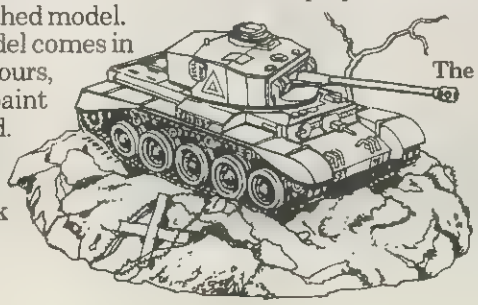


Comet tank breaking out of Weser Bridgehead.

The PK-72 Comet MK-1 tank shown here was issued to the 11th Armoured Division in December 1944. In March 1945 the Division moved forward to the Weser Bridgehead on the Rhine. By the end of the war in Europe they had advanced as far as the Baltic coast at Lubeck.

Note the highly detailed finish of this 1-76th scale plastic model kit. The turret rotates, the gun elevates, even the main hatch opens. You get easy fitting clip-on tracks too – no heat sealing is necessary!

The Comet comes with a choice of two decals, those of the 2nd Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, and those of the 1st Royal Tank Regiment. A special feature is the realistic DIORAMA battle display which adds extra life and drama to the finished model. Although the model comes in two authentic colours, two camouflage paint plans are supplied. This kit is the only model of the Comet MK-1 tank you can buy.



The Comet MK-1 tank is one of a whole series of new "MATCHBOX" military kits ask for them at your local shop.

Price 30p*

*recommended retail price at time of going to press. "MATCHBOX" is the registered Trade Mark of Lesney Products & Co. Ltd., London E9 5PA

The BUGS BUNNY Show
'HAPPY HITS'
FUME!
HELLO! SYLVESTER LOOKS IN A PARTICULARLY UGLY MOOD TODAY!
GRR! AND WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE CALLING UGLY, RABBIT?
YERK! IT'S ONLY AN EXPRESSION, SYLVESTER! GASP!
GASP! THERE MUST BE SOME REASON FOR THIS TEMPER, MY FELINE FRIEND!
OKAY, RABBIT! I'LL EXPLAIN IT ALL TO YOU!
THROB! THROB!
THERE I WAS SNEAKING UP ON THAT DUMB CANARY, TWEETY-PIE!
SNIGGER! SNIGGER!
BANZAI! PREPARE TO BE MANGLED, MASHED AND MOLECULED, CANARY! YUK! YUK!
OH, DWEAR! IT'S THE PUTEY-TAT!
STWOP, PUTEY TAT!
WOOK AT WAT NAIL, PUTEY TAT, WAT COULD'VE HWURT ME!
TSK! YOU'RE RIGHT, CANARY! MOST CARELESS OF ME!
HOLD ON ONE MOMENT, LITTLE BIRDIE, AND I SHALL REMOVE IT FOR YOU!
THWANK WOO, PUTEY-TAT!
YEEK! WHAT AM I DOING? THAT CONNIVING CANARY'S TRYING TO MAKE ME LOOK DUMB!
OH, DWEAR! THE PUTEY-TAT'S WUMBLED MY WUSE!
YAAGH! WHO DID THAT?
STAB!
OH, NO! OFFICER O'REILLY!
SO NOW YOU KNOW WHY I'M IN A BAD MOOD! I HAD TO RUN FROM THAT CANARY BEFORE OFFICER O'REILLY SAW ME!
SO IT WAS YOU THAT THREW THE HAMMER, CAT? HMM?
YIKES! OFFICER O'REILLY!
YAAGH! THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, RABBIT! I'LL.. I'LL...!
TSK! TSK! YOU REALLY ARE IN AN UGLY MOOD TODAY, SYLVESTER!
WES, INDEED! TWEE-HEE-HEE!

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Sylvester takes a look at a book soon!

Cut along border

I-SPY 12

A mammal is warm - blooded and feeds its young on milk.

Here are eight to look for from the 41 mammals native to this country

1 The Badger our heaviest carnivore flesh eater — is 2½ feet long His fur is sometimes dyed by the soil he moves about on.

2. The Common Dormouse (left) is about 5½ inches long and has a long furry tail He s nocturnal and vegetarian but occasionally eats birds eggs

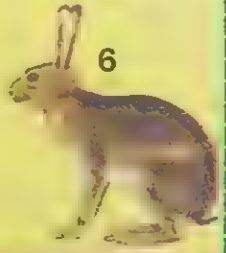
3 The Fat Dormouse (right) is as big as a squirrel and sometimes lives in attics and church roofs The Romans used to eat it

4 The Grey Squirrel came from America in 1875 and s bigger than our native Red (5) Both live in dreys

6 Hares are now almost as common as rabbits This is the Brown Hare who lives above ground

7 The Fox s our next biggest carnivore after the badger He s full of cheek and has been known to raid dustbins in cities for food

8 The Weasel looks like a stoat but he doesn t have a black tip on his tail he can swim in pursuit of his prey



Big Chief I SPY,
Wigwam-by-the-Green,
382-386 Edgware Road,
London, W2 1EP

WIN a TWA Jetsave Holiday for 4 to the Wonderful World of Disneyland California in the Disney Records & Tapes

Judged by THE YOUNG GENERATION

Competition*

And theres Stacks more Prizes

Pick up an entry form with your next Disney Record or Tape

PINK PANTHER
MORNING, JIM OFF TO WORK?
THAT'S RIGHT, PINK PANTHER. WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING?
I CONTROL A SHIPPING FLEET— BUT I'M NOT ON DUTY TILL THIS AFTERNOON. WHAT DO YOU DO?
ER... I'M AN AIRLINE PILOT!
GOSH WHAT AN EXCITING LIFE YOU LEAD - FLITTING AROUND THE WORLD
YES, WELL, I'D BETTER GO. MUSTN'T BE LATE FOR MY TRANS-ATLANTIC FLIGHT
KEEP THOSE SHIPS SAILING, PINK PANTHER!
WILL DO, JIM. AND YOU KEEP THOSE AIRCRAFT FLYING!
COO! WHAT A LUCKY CHAP. I LOVE AEROPLANES. I THINK I'LL SPEND MY MORNING OFF AT THE AIRPORT
WHO KNOWS, I MIGHT SEE JIM TAKING OFF!
AIRPORT
MIND YOUR BACKS, PLEASE!
FLIGHT ARRIVALS
JIM!
HEH-HEH! FANCY SEEING YOU, PINK PANTHER!
JIM! YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE A PILOT
WELL, GULP! I COULD HAVE BEEN IF MY EYESIGHT WAS BETTER!
YOU NEEDN'T HAVE TRIED TO IMPRESS ME BY BOASTING! YOU'RE DOING A FINE JOB KEEPING THE AIRPORT CLEAN!
I KNOW, BUT WHEN YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE IN CHARGE OF A SHIPPING FLEET, I-I.
DON'T APOLOGISE I UNDERSTAND!
WE CAN'T ALL BE IN BIG, IMPORTANT JOBS, JIM. WELL, I MUST GO TO WORK NOW. IF I'M NOT THERE THE WHOLE FLEET WILL STOP!
FLIGHT ARRIVALS
SO...
BOATS FOR HIRE
COME IN, NUMBER SIX, YOUR TIME'S UP. COME IN NUMBER TWENTY!

© [illegible]

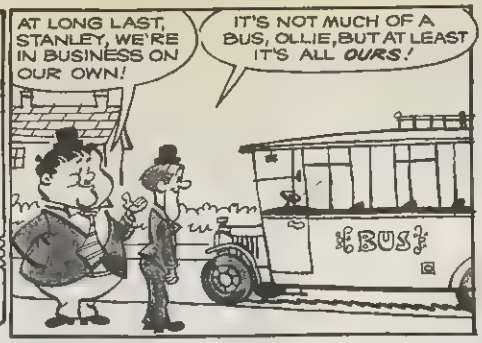
A waterway makes Panther wet soon!

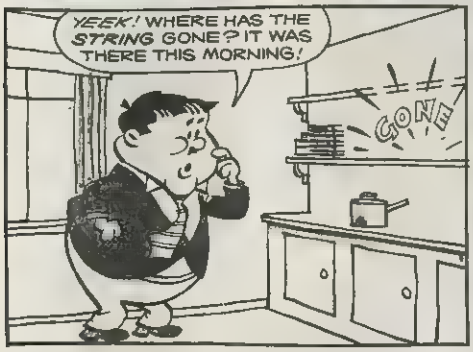
£25,000 IN PRIZES!

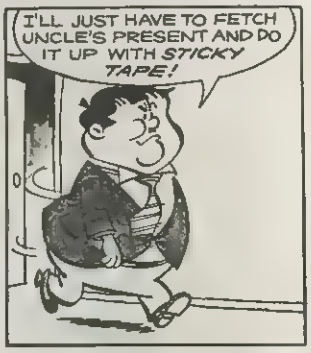
FAMILY SIZE
WEETABIX
Weetabix
WITH EXTRA
JOIN ME IN THE
Family Game
£25,000 IN PRIZES
"Kids, you can do well in the Weetabix Family Game. So can your mum and dad. It's the game all your family can play. And a great chance for you all to win some fabulous prizes. Like a speed boat, train set, dolls, bicycles, watches, electric guitar, sewing machine, colour television, car, tape recorder, hi fi unit, cine camera, motor mower, food mixer, transistor radio, records... plus many more. So ask mum to pick up a special Weetabix pack today. Then you can get cracking!"

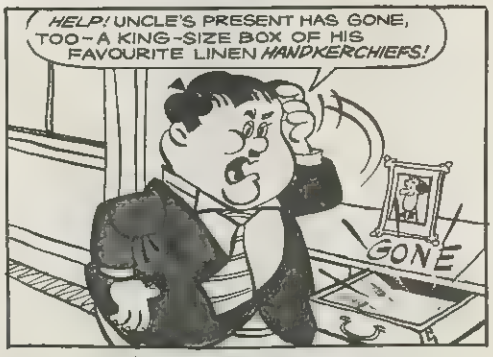
Laurel & Hardy

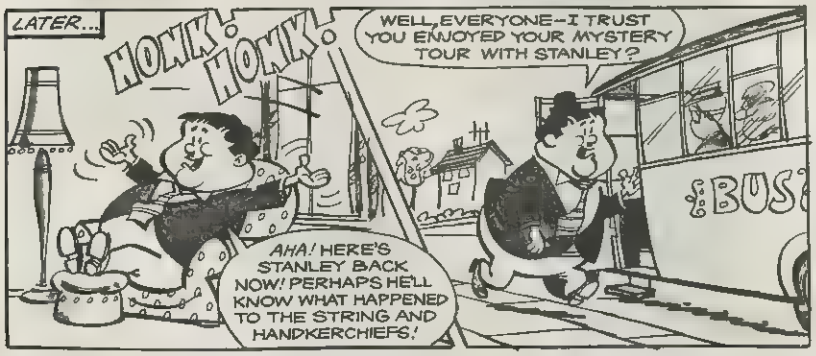
© 1974 Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation










LATER...
HONK! HONK!
WELL, EVERYONE - I TRUST YOU ENJOYED YOUR MYSTERY TOUR WITH STANLEY?
AHA! HERE'S STANLEY BACK NOW! PERHAPS HE'LL KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE STRING AND HANDKERCHIEFS!
BUS

THAT IDIOT BLINDFOLDED US AND TIED OUR HANDS SO THAT WE COULDN'T REMOVE THEM!
SOME SIGHTSEEING TOUR! WE DIDN'T SEE A THING! GRR!
B-BUT, OLLIE, YOU DID SAY IT WAS A MYSTERY TOUR! G-GULP!
OH, NO! SO THAT'S WHERE THE STRING AND HANDKERCHIEFS WENT!

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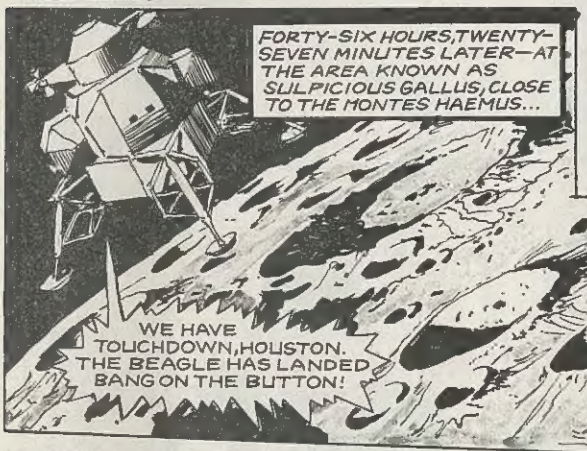
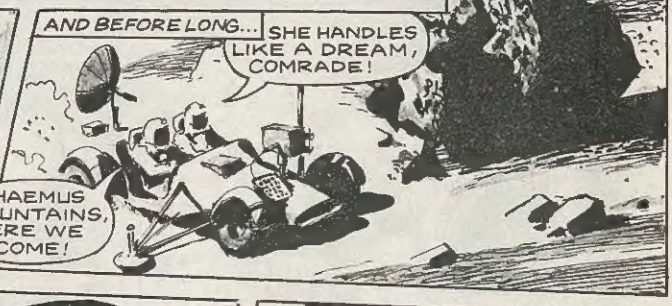
DR WHO in 'The Metal-Eaters!'

AFTER a lengthy period of neglect, interest in the exploration of the moon is re-opened. Achilles, first of a new generation of rockets, blasts off from Cape Kennedy . . .


FORTY-SIX HOURS, TWENTY-SEVEN MINUTES LATER—AT THE AREA KNOWN AS SULPICIOUS GALLUS, CLOSE TO THE MONTES HAEMUS...
WE HAVE TOUCHDOWN, HOUSTON. THE BEAGLE HAS LANDED. BANG ON THE BUTTON!



IT'S INCREDIBLE! I'D SAY IT STRETCHES FOR MILES! STRAIGHT DOWN INTO THE BELLY OF THE MOON!
OKAY, BOYS, CALM DOWN AND TRY AND GET THE CAMERA INTO A BETTER POSITION SO THAT WE CAN TAKE A LOOK!

AMONG THOSE GATHERED AS ADVISERS...
WHAT D'YOU MAKE OF IT, DOCTOR?
H'MM! IT CAN HARDLY BE ACCOUNTED FOR NATURALLY, CAN IT?
THE WALLS ARE SMOOTH LIKE GLASS... A FEW PEBBLES ON THE FLOOR.
I CAN'T SEE VERY MUCH. NOT ENOUGH LIGHT, BUT IT SEEMS TO GO ON...
AIR SUPPLY TWENTY MINUTES FROM CRITICAL, SIR!
OKAY, BOYS. GRAB A FEW SPECIMEN ROCKS AND GET BACK TO BASE!

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AS THE EARTH INVADERS LEAVE THE CAVE, THEY DO NOT SEE THE STRANGE, THROBBING LIGHT THAT BREAKS THE BLACKNESS OF ITS INTERIOR...
ON EARTH, AN EMERGENCY SESSION OF THE FULL E.S.A. SCIENTIFIC COMMITTEE TURNS OUT TO BE A HEATED ONE...
AND I, GRIGORI SUKOV, AM AUTHORISED ON BEHALF OF THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT TO PRESS FOR CANCELLATION OF THE EXISTING PLAN, SO THAT THE TUNNEL CAN BE EXPLORED!
THE FRENCH DELEGATE AGREES...
MAIS OUI! IT WOULD BE TRAGIC TO DISMISS SUCH AN UNUSUAL DISCOVERY!
HEAR, HEAR!
ARE YOU REALLY SAYING THAT THIS PLANET'S TOP SCIENTIFIC BRAINS SHOULD CONDONE BLUNDERING INTO THAT HOLE WITHOUT PROPER PLANNING?
ARE WE SERIOUS INVESTIGATORS OR EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BUCCANEERS? WE SHOULD PROCEED WITH CAUTION, GENTLEMEN!
IS THAT THE OFFICIAL OPINION OF THE U.K. GOVERNMENT, SIR GEOFFREY?
ALTHOUGH MY PERSONAL OPINION SIDES WITH THE DOCTOR, OUR ORDERS FROM LONDON ARE TO ADVISE IMMEDIATE INVESTIGATION OF THE TUNNEL!
AFTER THE COMPLETION OF THEIR REST PERIOD, THE TWO ASTRONAUTS ARE ISSUED WITH THEIR NEW ORDERS, AND BEFORE LONG...
GOOD LUCK, BILL. ANY SIGN OF TROUBLE AND YOU GET OUT FAST!
I'LL REMEMBER CONTROL. SERGE'S MUSCLE WILL SOON HAVE ME OUT. DON'T WORRY.
AAAGH!
CAUTIOUSLY, MAJOR BILL FRANKLIN DESCENDS EVER DEEPER INTO THE SUBTERRANEAN DEPTHS OF THE MOON...
HOW'S IT GOING?
THE TUNNEL SEEMS TO GO ON THE SAME...NO...IT'S WIDENING A LITTLE!
SUDDENLY...
WHAT'S HAPPENING?

The Doctor makes a grim discovery soon!

POPEYE
SPINACH
I'M AN AWKWARD SORT OF GUY!
SUPERMART
WHEN A DOOR SAYS 'PULL' I PUSH!
PULL
WAY UP
WHEN A STAIRCASE SAYS 'WAY UP' I GOES DOWN IT!
AND IF IT SAYS 'NO EXIT' THAT'S THE WAY I GO OUT!
NO EXIT
HEY! YOU'RE NOT S'POSED TO LEAVE THE STORE THIS WAY!
HAR-HAR! WHAT YA GONNA DO ABOUT IT, SWEE' PEA?
BONK!
TAKE THAT!
BACK HOME...
ALL IN GOOD TIME, KIDDLING!
WHEN WILL I BE TALLER, UNCA POPEYE?
WHAT D'YA WANT TO BE TALLER FOR, ANYWAY?
BRUTUS BONKED ME COMIN' OUT OF THE SUPER-MARKET!
AND ALL I COULD DO WAS CLONK HIS KNEE 'COS I CAN'T REACH ANY HIGHER!
WELL, UNTIL YA IS BIGGER YA'LL JUST HAVE TO OUT-WIT HIM BY USIN' YOUR BRAINS!
UNCA POPEYE IS RIGHT— AND MY JACK-IN-THE-BOX HAS GIVEN ME AN IDEA!
BRUTUS ALWAYS DOES THE OPPOSITE TO WHAT A NOTICE SAYS—I'LL HIDE IN THIS CARDBOARD BOX!
SOON...
HAR-HAR! THAT ONLY MEANS ONE THING TO ME— I'LL LIFT IT!
DO NOT LIFT THIS LID
GNN!
BRUTUS DIDN'T EXPECT SWEE'PEA TO SPRING A SURPRISE ON HIM! ARF-ARF!

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A super sailor on a super-tanker soon!

A RECEPTACLE
PRESENTATION